1601/473

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO I.

[PRICE HALF A CROWN.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 JAN 70

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

By *PETER PINDAR*, Esq.

Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere Verſu
Noſtra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthius Aurem
Vellit et admonuit—— VIRGIL.

I, who ſo lately in my lyric Lays
Sung to the Praiſe and Glory of R. A.'s;
And ſweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With OVID's Art, and SAPPHO's Warmth divine;
Said, (nobly daring!) "MUSE, exalt thy Wings,
"LOVE and the SONS OF CANVAS quit for KINGS."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy tongue."
But I, like Poets, ſelf-ſufficient grown,
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own*."

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GEORGE GOULDING, JAMES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,
AND JOHN WALKER, NO. 44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.XCIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)
30 JAN 70

To the READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, that His Majeſty actually diſcovered, ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of ſuch a gueſt can be better imagined than deſcribed.

An edict was, in conſequence, paſſed for ſhaving the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate Louſe condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *un*critical as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know ſomewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that in his opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Diſpenſary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it,—and to exclaim at the ſame time with the modeſt aſſurance of an author—

Cedite, ſcriptores Romani; cedite, Graii—
Nil ortum in terris, *Louſiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the ſake of the mere Engliſh Reader, is thus beautifully tranſlated:—

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and ſmall,
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you all.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proëmium—Deſcription of the LOUSE*'s Fall—Hiſtory of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully ſublime Simile of a Cow—Diſcovery of the* LOUSE *by his Majeſty—The King's Horror and Aſtoniſhment on ſeeing him—equal to that he felt at Mr.* FOX*'s Attempt on Prerogative—as Mr.* Burke*'s dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that he felt in a Tumble from his Horſe—equal to the Horrors of diſappointed Veniſon Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a Country Girl—of a* Petit-Maître *ſaluted by a Chimney-ſweeper—of the Devil when pinched by St.* Dunſtan's *red-hot tongs—of Lady* Worſley—*of* Sam Houſe *the Patriot—of* Billy Ramus—*of* Kynaſton, *the Squire of* Leatherhead—*of the perjured* Chriſtopher Atkinſon—*of the Prince of* Aſturias—*of the King of* Spain—*of Dr.* Johnſon, *and Dr.* Wilſon—*Deſcription of His Majeſty's Heart—moſt naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling—His Majeſty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majeſty's moſt gracious and ſhort Anſwer—The ſhort Speech of the beautiful Princeſſes—His Majeſty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children—beautiful Apoſtrophe to the Princeſſes—The King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—The Queen able—The King's Orders about the* LOUSE*—Deſcription of* Dixon *the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; Thought more ſublime than that of* Homer's *Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble Compariſon of a* Tartar *Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wiſe Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cooks Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers ſet on fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 70 JAN

—— *is this, YOUR* LOUSE. *Lousiad Cantc 1.st*

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE LOUSE I ſing, who, from ſome head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd drown—(ſo will'd the dread decree of Fate,)
With legs wide ſprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace,
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whoſe little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidſt the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'rers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hoſtile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:

Far

Far from thoſe pleaſing ſcenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wiſe Ulyſſus, from his native home;
Yet, like that ſage, though forc'd to roam and mourn—
Like him, alas! not fated to return,
Who, full of rags and glory, ſaw his boy*
And wife† again, and dog‡ that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckleſs Louse, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he ſprawl'd.
Thus, on a promontory's miſty brow,
The Poet's eye, with ſorrow, ſaw a cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and ſheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy ſteep;
No more to reign a Queen amongſt the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;
She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.

Now

* Telemachus.
† Penelope.
‡ Argus, for whoſe hiſtory, ſee the Odyſſey.
§ ———moriens dulces reminiſcitur Argos. Virg.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 JAN 70

Now on his legs, amidſt a thouſand woes,
The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, aroſe:
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beſide the horror that the King might eat him
The dread of gaſping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
Or drowning 'midſt the ſauce in diſmal dumps,
Was full enough to make him ſtir his ſtumps.
Vain hope of ſtealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
Our hungry King amus'd himſelf with food;
Which proves (though ſcarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
They feed on ſolids leſs refin'd than air.
Paint, heav'nly Muſe, the look, the *very* look,
That of the Sov'reign's face poſſeſſion took,

When firſt he ſaw the LOUSE, in ſolemn ſtate,
Grave as a Spaniard, march acroſs the plate!
Yet, could a LOUSE a Britiſh King ſurpriſe,
And like a pair of ſaucers ſtretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
Good Lord! (as Somebody ſublimely ſings)
What great effects ariſe from *little things!*
As many a loving ſwain and nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, have lov'd too well!

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
CHARLES FOX, that cunning enemy of old,
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear PREROGATIVE was juſt in chains:
Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulſive on the patriotic BURKE,
When guilty of œconomy, the crime!
EDMUND wide wander'd from the *true ſublime*,

And,

And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
Cribb'd from the Royal table many a dish—
Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)
The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
To *starve** the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION:
Not more aghast he look'd, when, 'midst the course,
He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
Where all his Nobles deem'd their Monarch dead;
But, luckily, he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

Not

* His Majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner time having been, by too great liberality to the Royal children, expended, the King ordered a supply, but was informed, that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the change.

Not VEN'SON EATERS at the vaniſh'd fat,
With ſtomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:
Not with more horror Mr. Serjeant PLIANT
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more horror ſtares the rural MAID,
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who ſees her ticket a dire blank ariſe,
Too fondly thought the twenty-thouſand prize,
With which the ſimple damſel meant, no doubt,
To bleſs her faithful fav'rite, COLIN CLOUT.

Not with more horror ſtares each lengthen'd feature,
Of ſome fine, fluttering, mincing *Petit-maître*,
When of a wanton chimney-ſweeping wag
The Beau's white veſtment feels the ſooty-bag:
Not with more horror did the DEVIL look,
When DUNSTAN by the noſe the dæmon took,
(As gravely ſay our legendary ſongs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs;

Not

Not Lady WORSLEY, chaſte as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping Captain in his arms;
Like DAVID, that moſt am'rous little dragon,
Ogling ſweet BETHSHEBA without a rag on.

Not more the great SAM HOUSE* with horror ſtar'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whoſe impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
And ſtuff'd it, 'midſt his thunders of applauſe,
Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,
That forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of "Fox and Freedom!" ſtopp'd the glorious note.

* In Weſtminſter Hall, where the *ſenſe* (the Author was juſt about to ſay *nonſenſe*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more horror BILLY RAMUS* ſtar'd,
When PUFF†, the Prince's hair-dreſſer, appear'd
Amidſt their eating room, with dread deſign
To *ſit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine!*

Not with more horror GLOSTER'S DUCHESS ſtar'd,
When (bleſt in metaphor!) the King declar'd,
That not of all her *mongrel breed*, *one whelp*
Should in the Royal kennel ever *yelp*:

Not

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and conſtantly called by His Majeſty *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who ſhaves the Sovereign, airs his ſhirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his Royal Highneſs's hair-dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the Prince, with his uſual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the King and Prince, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a *hair-dreſſer*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their meſs, or quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *ſubmitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have loſt their *Caſt*, have not held up their heads *ſince*.

Not more that man ſo ſweet, ſo unprepar'd,
The gentle SQUIRE of LEATHERHEAD*, was ſcar'd,
When, after prayers ſo good, and rare a ſermon,
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miſs VERNON;
Who meant (Thaleſtris-like, diſdaining fear!)
To pour her FOOT in thunder on his REAR;
Who, in GOD's houſe†, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face;
Then ſhook her nails, as ſharp's a taylor's ſhears,
That itch'd to ſcrape acquaintance with his ears:

Not ATKINSON‡ with ſtronger terror ſtarted
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

When

* Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman aſſailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for diſapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *ſalival* aſſault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaſton, to the diſgrace of his family, the wonder of the parſon, the horror of the clerk, and the ſtupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Chriſtopher Atkinſon's airing on the pillory is ſufficiently known to the public.

When JUSTICE, a ſly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her ſerious compliments to KIT;
Aſk'd him a few ſhort queſtions about *corn*,
And whiſper'd, ſhe believ'd he was *forſworn*;
Then hinted, that he probably would find,
That though ſhe ſometimes wink'd, ſhe was not blind.

Not more ASTURIAS' Princeſs * look'd affright,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the unpolite,
Hurl'd, madly heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face,
Becauſe the fair one eat a butter'd roll,
On which the ſelfiſh Prince had fix'd his ſoul:
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that Prince, to find
His royal father to his face unkind;

Who,

* This quarrel between the Prince of Aſturias and his Princeſs, with the interference of the Spaniſh Monarch, as deſcribed here, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Who, to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud proboſcis of his ſon,
(Juſt like a tiger of the Lybian ſhade,
Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade,)
And led him, till that ſon its durance freed,
By aſking pardon for the brutal deed;
Led him thrice round the room (the ſtory goes),
Who follow'd with great gravity his noſe,
Reſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniards are ſtiff ſtuff)
To aſk no pardon, though the ſnout came off:
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that Spaniſh King*,
Whene'er he miſs'd a ſnipe upon the wing:

* His moſt Catholic Majeſty's ſhooting merits are univerſally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is ſtill the admiration of his ſubjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT; and it is well known, that even on thoſe days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are ſtuffed with gun flints, ſcrews, hammers, and other implements neceſſary for the deſtruction of ſnipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that King of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Doctor Johnſon more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Madam Thrale;
Nor Doctor Wilſon, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyſter bore off *Kate* Macaulay*.

What dire emotions ſhook the Monarch's ſoul!
Juſt like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilſt anger all his Royal HEART poſſeſs'd,
That, ſwelling, wildly bump'd againſt his breaſt,
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might ſo ſtout,
As reſolutely bent on jumping out,
T' avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire diſgrace,
And nobly ſpit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt alluſion to my mind)

Lies

* The fair Hiſtorian.

Lies ſnug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then buſtles 'midſt the tempeſt of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, ſweating, rolls below.

"How, how? what, what?—what's that, what's that?"
he cries,
With rapid accent, and with ſtaring eyes—
"Look there, look there—what's got into my houſe?
"A louſe, God bleſs us! louſe, louſe, louſe, louſe, louſe."
The Queen look'd down, and then exclaim'd, "Good la!"
And with a ſmile the dappled STRANGER ſaw;
Each Princeſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck to ſee,
And, with another ſmile, exclaim'd, "Good me!"
"Good la! Good me! is that all you can ſay?"
(Our gracious Monarch cry'd, with huge diſmay.)
"What! what a ſilly vacant ſmile take place
"Upon your Majeſty's and Children's face,
"Whilſt that vile LOUSE (ſoon, ſoon to be unjointed!)
"Affronts the preſence of the LORD's ANOINTED!"

Daſh'd,

Daſh'd, as if tax'd with Hell's moſt deadly ſins,
The Queen and Princeſſes drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, prudent damſels, ' *word ſpake never more.*'
Sweet Maids! the beauteous boaſt of Britain's Iſle,
Speak—were thoſe peerleſs lips forbid to ſmile?
Lips! that the ſoul of ſimple Nature moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the Loves!
Lips of delight! unſtain'd by Satire's gall!
Lips! that I never kiſs'd—and never ſhall.

Now, to each trembling Page, a pure mute mouſe,
The *pious* Monarch cried, " Is this *your* Louse?"
" Ah! Sire," (replied each Page with pig-like whine)
" An't pleaſe your Majeſty, it is not *mine.*"
" *Not thine?*" (the haſty Monarch cried agen)
" What? what? who's, who's then? who the devil's then?"

Now at this ſad event the Sovereign, fore
Unhappy, could not take a mouthful more;

His

His wiſer Queen, her gracious ſtomach ſtudying,
Stuck moſt devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For GERMANS are a very hearty ſort,
Whether begot in Hog-ſtyes or a Court,
Who bear (which ſhews their hearts are not of ſtone)
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim terror ſeiz'd the ſouls of all the Pages,
Of different ſizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their penſions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd like Jacob's ſons!

Now to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,
The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:
" Watch well that blackguard animal, " he cries,
" That ſoon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
" Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
" Or GEORGE ſhall play the devil in the houſe.

" Some SPIRIT whiſpers, that to Cooks I owe
" The precious VISITOR that crawls below;
" Yes, yes! the whiſp'ring SPIRIT tells me true,
" And ſoon ſhall vengeance all their locks purſue.
" Cooks, ſcourers, ſcullions too, with tails of pig,
" Shall loſe their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
Thus roar'd the KING—not Hercules ſo BIG;
And all the Palace echo'd—" Wear a wig!"

FEAR, like an ague, ſtruck the pale-nos'd Cooks,
And daſh'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
Whilſt from each cheek the roſe withdrew its red,
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR* comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roaſts* and *fries*;
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high paſſion glowing,
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's when *blowing*:

A neat

* Dixon.

A neat white apron his huge corpſe embrac'd,
Tied by two comely ſtrings about his waiſt;
An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hoſtile greaſe his velvet breeches—
An apron that, in Monmouth-Street high hung,
Oft to the winds with ſweet deportment ſwung.

" Ye ſons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look!
(In ſounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
" By this white apron, that no more can hope
" To join the piece in *Miſter* INKLE's ſhop;
" That oft hath held the beſt of Palace meat,
" And from this forehead wip'd the briny ſweat;
" I ſwear this head diſdains to loſe its locks;
" And thoſe that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS.
" Whoſe head, my Cooks, ſuch vile diſgrace endures?
" Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
" Ten thouſand crawlers in that HEAD be hatch'd,
" For ever itching, but be never ſcratch'd!

" Then

" Then may the charming perquiſite of greaſe
" The Mammon of your pocket ne'er increaſe;—
" Greaſe! that ſo frequently hath brought you coin,
" From Veal, Pork, Mutton, and the Great Sir Loin:
" O brothers of the ſpit, be firm as rocks—
" Lo! to no King on earth I yield theſe locks.
" Few are my hairs behind, by age endear'd!—
" But, few or many, they ſhall not be ſhear'd.

" Sooner ſhall Madam Schwellenberg*, the jade,
" Yield up her fav'rite perquiſites of trade,
" Give up her Majeſty's old cloaks and gowns,
" Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:
" She! who for ever ſtudies miſchief—She!
" Who ſoon will be as buſy as a bee,
" To get the liberty of locks enſlav'd,
" And ev'ry harmleſs cook and ſcullion ſhav'd—

" She!

* Miſtreſs of the Robes to her Majeſty.

" She! if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
" By ſome inſinuating tongue betray'd,
" Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taſte,
" Grows, luckleſs, ſomewhat bigger in the waiſt;
" Rants, ſtorms, ſwears, turns the penitent to door,
" Grac'd with the pretty names of B--ch and W----,
" To range a proſtitute upon the Town,
" Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown:—
" But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER fails,
" Whoſe noſe grows ſharper, and whoſe ſhape tells tales;
" Huſh'd is th' affair! —the QUEEN and SHE, good dame,
" Both club their wits to hide the growing ſhame;
" To wed her, get ſome fool—I mean ſome wiſe man;
" Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciſeman:
" She! who hath got more inſolence and pride,
" God mend her heart! than half the world beſide:
" She! who, of guttling fond, ſtuffs down more meat,
" Heav'n help her ſtomach! than ten men can eat!

" Ten men !—aye, more than ten—the hungry HAG !—
" Why, zounds ! the woman's ſtomach's like a bag :
" She ! who will ſwell the uproar of the houſe,
" And tell the KING damn'd lies about the LOUSE ;
" When probably that louſe (a vile old trull !)
" Was born and nouriſh'd in her own grey ſcull.

" Sooner the room ſhall buxom NANNY * *quit*,
" Where oft ſhe charms her maſter with her wit—
" Tells tales of ev'ry body, ev'ry thing,
" From honeſt courtiers to the thieves who ſwing—
" Waits on her SOV'REIGN while he reads diſpatches,
" And wiſely *winds up* ſtate affairs or watches :

" Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income mend !)
" Shall quit his bottle, miſtreſs, or his friend—
" Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,
" And hear her ſinking voice without a ſigh ;

" Break

* Buxom Nanny—a female ſervant of the Palace, who conſtantly attends the King when he reads diſpatches.

" Break for the wealth of realms his ſacred word,
" And let the world write *coward* on his ſword :—
" Sooner ſhall ham from fowl and turkey part,
" And ſtuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart :
" Sooner ſhall toaſted cheeſe take leave of muſtard,
" And from the codlin tart be torn the cuſtard :
" Sooner theſe hands the glorious haunch ſhall ſpoil,
" And all our melted butter turn to oil :
" Sooner our pious KING, with pious face,
" Sit down to dinner without ſaying grace ;
" And ev'ry night ſalvation pray'rs put forth,
" For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North :
" Sooner ſhall faſhion order frogs and ſnails,
" And diſhclouts ſtick eternal to our tails!
" Let GEORGE view MINISTERS with ſurly LOOKS,
" Abuſe 'em, kick 'em—but revere his COOKS !"—
" What, loſe our locks !" reply'd the roaſting Crew,
" To Barbers yield 'em ?—Damme if we do !
" Be ſhav'd like foreign Dogs one daily meets,
" Naked and blue, and ſhiv'ring in the ſtreets ?

" And

" And from the Palace be aſham'd to range,
" For fear the world ſhould think we had the mange;
" By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
" Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"—

" Rouſe, OPPOSITION!" roar'd a tipſey Cook,
With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look:
" 'Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep—
" Without HER, MINISTERS would fall aſleep:
" 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,
" And ſharpens, whetſtone-like, the Nation's wits:
" Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
" And, broom-like, ſweeps the cobwebs of the State:
" In caſks like ſulphur that expels bad air,
" And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair;
" Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd foot,
" Preſerves the chimney and the houſe to boot:
" Or, like a ſchool-boy's whip, that keeps up tops,
" The ſinking Realm, by flagellation, props.

" Our

" Our Monarch muſt not be indulg'd too far;
" Beſides, I love a little bit of war.
" Whether to crop our curls he boaſts a right,
" Or not, I do not care the Louſe's bite;
" But then, no force-work! No! No force, by Heav'n!
" Cooks! Yeomen! Scourers! we will not be driv'n.
" Try but to force a Pig againſt his will,
" Behold! the ſturdy Gentleman ſtands ſtill!
" Or, p'rhaps, (his pow'r to let the driver know)
" Gallops the very road he ſhould not go—
" No force for me!—The French, the fawning dogs,
" E'en let *them* loſe their freedom, and eat frogs—
" Damme! I hate each pale *ſoupe-maigre* thief—
" Give me my darling liberty and beef."

He ſpoke—and from his jaws a lump he ſlid,
And, ſwearing, manful flung to earth his Quid.
Then ſwelling Pride forbade his tongue to reſt,
Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt—

Now ſounds confus'd his anger made him mutter,
And when he thought on ſhaving, curſes ſputter.
Such is the ſound (the ſimile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE call, and SQUEAK*,
When 'midſt the frying-pan, in accents ſavage,
The beef ſo ſurly quarrels with the cabbage.

" Be ſhav'd," a Scullion loud began to bellow,
Loud as a pariſh bull, or poor OTHELLO,
Plac'd by that rogue IAGO upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of horns:
Loud as th' EXCISEMAN†, ſtruggling for his life,
And panting in a moſt inglorious ſtrife;

When

* The modeſt Author of the LOUSIAD muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak is vaſtly more natural and more ſublime than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illuſtrating the motions and emotions of his Hero ULYSSES.

(Vid. ODYSSEY.)

† This affair happened a few years ſince—An Exciſeman ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a Princeſs, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almoſt ſcratched his

eyes

When on his face the ſmuggling Princeſs ſprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his viſage clung.

" Be ſhav'd like pigs!" rejoin'd the Scullion's Mate,
His diſhclout ſhaking, and his pot-crown'd pate—
" What barber dares it, let him watch his noſe,
" And, curſe me! dread the rage of theſe ten toes."
So ſaying, with an oath to raiſe one's hair,
He kick'd with threat'ning foot the yielding air.

Thus have I ſeen an *ASS* (baptiz'd a JACK)
Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,
Prance, ſnort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY.

" Be ſhav'd!" an underſtrapper TURNBROCHE cry'd,
In all the foaming energy of pride—
" Zounds!

eyes out—the Exciſeman made a formal complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the diſgrace.—The gallant Monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his couſin the Princeſs, but could not conceive how the hand of a fair Lady could diſhonour the face of an Exciſeman.

" Zounds! let us take His Majeſty in hand!—
" The King ſhall find he lives at our command:
" Yes; let him know, with all his wond'rous ſtate,
" His teeth and ſtomach on *our* wills ſhall wait:
" *We* rule the platters, *we* command the ſpit,
" And George ſhall have his meſs when *we* think fit;
" Stay till *ourſelves* ſhall condeſcend to eat,
" And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat."

Thus having fed on veniſon rather coarſe,
A colt, or crocodile, or diſh of horſe,
The TARTAR quits his ſmoaky hut with ſcorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating MONARCHS like his ſlaves or ſwine,
Informs them they have liberty to dine.

" Heav'ns!" cry'd a YEOMAN, with much learning grac'd,
In books as well as meat, a man of taſte,
Who read with vaſt applauſe the daily news,
And kept a cloſe acquaintance with the MUSE;

Conundrum,

Conundrums, Rebus made—Acroſtic, Riddle,
And ſung his dying ſonnets to the fiddle,
When Love, with cruel dart, the murd'ring thief!
His heart had ſpitted, like a piece of beef:
" Are theſe," he ſaid, " of Kings, the whims and jokes?
" Then Kings can be as mad as common folks.
" Dame Nature, when a Prince's head ſhe makes,
" No more concern about the inſide takes,
" Than of the inſide of a Bug's or Bat's,
" A Flea's, a Graſshopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!
" As careleſs as the Artist, trunks deſigning,
" About the trifling circumſtance of lining;
" Whether of Cumberland he uſe the Plays,
" Miſs Burney's Novels, or Miſs Seward's Lays;
" Or ſacred Dramas of Miſs Hannah More,
" Where all the Nine, with little Moses, ſnore;
" Or good Squire Pindar's Odes, or Wharton's ſtick,
" Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,

" Who furious drives, at times, his old gooſe quill,
" On *Strawb'ry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
" Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
" Or *thoſe* of Lords and Commons to the King;
" Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant
" So eaſy, freely, friendly, complaiſant,
" As if the caſh were really all their own,
" To purchaſe *knick-knacks** that diſgrace a Throne.
" Ah, me! did people know what trifling things
" Compoſe thoſe idols of the earth call'd *Kings*,
" Thoſe counterpart of that *important fellow*,
" The children's wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;
" Who ſtruts upon the ſtage his hour away;
" His outſide, gold—his inſide, rags and hay;

No

* The Civil Liſt, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys.—For an inſtance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-deſcript of a time-piece at the Queen's Houſe, which coſt nearly two thouſand pounds. The ſame artiſt is alſo allowed 200l. per annum to keep the bauble in repair.

" No more as GOD's Vicegerents would they ſhine;
" Nor make the world cut-throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

" Thoſe LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have ſeen,
" Sunk, by the mereſt trifles, with the ſpleen—
" Oft for an ill-dreſs'd egg have heard them groan,
" And ſeen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
" At ſalt or vinegar, with paſſion, fume,
" And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room*.

" Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
" When'er the ruſhing rain hath ſpoil'd a HUNT!
" Their ſanguine wiſhes croſs'd, their ſpirits clogg'd,
" Mere riding diſhclouts homeward they have jogg'd;

" Poor

* This is partly a picture of the laſt reign as well as the preſent. The paſſions of George the Second were of the moſt impetuous kind:—his hat and his favourite Miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill humour—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a ſhare of his foot benevolence—but he was a Prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego* paucis *offendar maculis*.

" Poor imps! the ſport (with all their pride and pow'r)
" Of NATURE's diuretic ſtream—a ſhow'r!
" This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive;
" But *this* the *diſtant* world will ne'er believe,
" Who fancy KINGS to all the virtues born,
" Ne'er by the vulgar ſtorms of paſſion torn;
" But bleſt with ſouls ſo calm, like ſummer ſeas,
" That ſmile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze:
" Who think that KINGS, on wiſdom always fed,
" Speak ſentences like BACON's brazen head;
" Hear from their lips the vileſt nonſenſe fall,
" Yet think ſome heav'nly ſpirit dictates all;
" Conceive their bodies of celeſtial clay,
" And, though all ailment, ſacred from decay;
" To nods and ſmiles their gaping homage bring,
" And thank their GOD their eyes have ſeen a KING!
" Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
" Pours out his words as faſt as hail, or faſter,
" To country Squires, and wives of country Squires;
" Like ſtuck pigs ſtaring, how each oaf *admires!*

" LO!

" Lo! ev'ry ſyllable becomes a GEM!
" And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,
" Seiz'd with the ſymptoms of a deep ſurpriſe,
" Their joints with rev'rence tremble, and their eyes
" Roll wonder firſt; then, ſhrinking back with fear,
" Would hide behind the brains, were any there.
" How taken is this idle world by ſhow!
" Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;
" Preferring, with a ſoul as black as ſoot,
" A rogue on horſeback, to a ſaint on foot.
" See FRANCE, ſee PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
" And mark the deſert of each DESPOT's brain;
" Whoſe tongues ſhould never treat with taunts a FOOL;
" Who prove that nothing is too mean to rule.
" What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a ſteeple,
" Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
" Go, like the King of Babylon*, to graſs,
" Or wander, like a beggar with a paſs!

* Nebuchadnezzar.

" However *modern* KINGS may Cooks deſpiſe,
" WARRIORS and KINGS were cooks, or Hiſt'ry lies—
" PATROCLUS broil'd beef ſteaks to quell his hunger;
" The mighty AGAMEMNON potted conger!—
" And CHARLES of SWEDEN, 'midſt his guns and drums,
" Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
" Be ſhav'd!—No!—ſooner pill'ries, jails, the ſtocks,
" Shall pinch this corpſe, than BARBERS ſnatch my locks."—
" Well haſt thou ſaid," a Scourer bold rejoin'd—
" Damme! I love the man who ſpeaks his mind."
Then in his arms the orator he took,
And ſwore he was an angel of a Cook.
Awhile he held him with a Corniſh hug;
Then ſeiz'd, with glorious graſp, a pewter mug,
Whoſe ample womb nor cyder held nor ale,
But nectar fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
" A health to Cooks," he cry'd, and wav'd the pot,
" And he who ſighs for titles is a ſot—
" Let Dukes and Lords the world in wealth ſurpaſs;
" Yet many a Lion's ſkin conceals an Aſs.

" Lo!

" Lo! this is one amongſt my golden rules,
" To think the greateſt men the greateſt fools:
" The GREAT are judges of an opera ſong,
" And fly a Briton's for a Eunuch's tongue;
" Thus idly ſquand'ring for a ſquawl their riches,
" To faint with rapture at thoſe cats in breeches.
" Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man
" Who firſt found out a ſpit, or frying-pan,
" Did ten times more towards the public good,
" Than all the tawdry titles ſince the flood:
" Titles! that KINGS may grant to aſſes, mules,
" The ſcorn of ſages, and the boaſt of fools."

He ended—All the Cooks exclaim'd, " Divine!"
Then whiſper'd one another, 'twas " damn'd fine!"
Thus ſpoke the SCOURER like a man inſpir'd,
Whoſe ſpeech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd:

Grooms,

Grooms, Maſter Scourers, Scullions, Scullions' Mates,
With all the Overſeers of knives and plates,
Felt their brave ſouls like friſky cyder work,
Whizzing in oppoſition to the cork:
Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,
And Cooks of greater conſequence than Kings—
Such is the pow'r of words, where truth unites,
And ſuch the rage that injur'd worth excites!
The SCOURER's ſpeech, indeed, with reaſon bleſt,
Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the reſt:
Thus if a barn Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,
The flame ethereal darts amongſt the ſtraw;
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice and rats,
And (if unfortunately mouſing) cats;
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,
And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

"Sons of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,
"Your noble ſpeeches prove you bleſt with brain;
"Brain!

" Brain! that Dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,

" But fills the vaſt vacuity with lead!—

" Yet ere for oppoſition we prepare,

" And fight the glorious cauſe of heads of hair,

" Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,

" And tell the King, with firmneſs, our condition:

" Soon as our ſad complaint he hears us utter,

" His gracious heart may melt away like butter,

" Fair Mercy ſhine amidſt our gloomy houſe,

" And anger'd Majeſty forget the Louse."

END OF CANTO I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As many people perſiſt in their incredulity with reſpect to the attack made by the Barbers on the heads of the harmleſs Cooks, I ſhall exhibit a liſt of the unhappy ſufferers; it is the Palace liſt, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true Liſt of the SHAVED at Buckingham Houſe.

Two Maſter Cooks	Two Soil-carriers
Three Yeoman ditto	Two Door-Keepers
Four Grooms	Eight Boys
Three Children	Five Paſtry People
Two Maſter Scowerers	Eight Silver Scullery, for laughing at the Cooks.
Six Under Scowerers	
Six Turnbroches	

In all, fifty-one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not ſubmit, and loſt his place.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 JAN 70

A LIST OF

PETER PINDAR's WORKS,

NEW EDITIONS,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS;

Any of which may be had of T. EVANS, Paternoſter-Row and of the Town and Country Bookſellers.

		£.	s.	d.
1.	A Supplicating EPISTLE to the REVIEWERS, — —	0	1	6
2.	LYRIC ODES to the Royal Academicians, for 1782,	0	2	0
3.	—— —— —— — —— — 1783, —	0	1	6
4.	—— —— —— — —— — 1785, —	0	2	6
5.	FAREWELL ODES —— — 1786, —	0	3	0
6.	The LOUSIAD, Canto I. —— —	0	2	6
7.	—— —— Canto II. —— — —	0	2	6
8.	—— —— Canto III. —— ——	0	2	6
9.	Congratulatory EPISTLE to JAMES BOSWELL ——	0	2	0
10.	BOZZI and PIOZZI, a TOWN ECLOGUE ——	0	3	0
11.	ODE upon ODE, or a PEEP at St. JAMES's ——	0	3	0
12.	An APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT to ODE upon ODE —	0	2	0
13.	INSTRUCTIONS to a certain POET LAUREAT —	0	2	6
14.	BROTHER PETER to BROTHER TOM — —	0	3	0
15.	PETER's PENSION, a ſolemn EPISTLE —— —	0	3	0
16.	PETER's PROPHECY —— —— —	0	3	0
17.	SIR J. BANKS and the EMPEROR of MOROCCO —	0	1	6
18.	EPISTLE to a FALLING MINISTER ——	0	2	6
19.	SUBJECTS for PAINTERS —— ——	0	3	6
20.	EXPOSTULATORY ODES —— ——	0	2	6
21.	A Benevolent EPISTLE to Maſter JOHN NICHOLS —	0	2	6
22.	A ROWLAND for an OLIVER —— ——	0	2	6
23.	ADVICE to the FUTURE LAUREAT —— —	0	1	6
24.	EPISTLE to BRUCE —— —— ——	0	2	6
25.	The RIGHTS of KINGS —— ——	0	3	0
26.	ODES to Mr. PAINE —— ——	0	1	0
27.	The REMONSTRANCE —— ——	0	2	6
28.	MORE MONEY! or Odes of Inſtruction to Mr. PITT —	0	2	6
29.	ODES of IMPORTANCE — — —	0	3	0
30.	The TEARS of St. MARGARET, &c. — —	0	2	6
31.	A Pair of LYRIC EPISTLES to LORD MACARTNEY, &c.	0	1	6
32.	ODES to KIEN LONG —— ——	0	3	0
33.	The LOUSIAD, Canto IV. —— —— ——	0	2	0
34.	EPISTLE to the POPE —— ——	0	2	6
		£. 4	2	0

*** Complete Sets may now be had, including a Mezzotinto Engraving of the Author, by one of the moſt eminent Artiſts.

N. B. The complete Set, WITHOUT the Portrait of the Author, is ſpurious.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 JAN 70